

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 22

Chinook, Alberta, Thursday August 7 1941

For Victory

FARM BONUS CHEQUES OUT

First acreage bonus cheques to Alberta farmers under the federal government wheat acreage reduction plan went out last week, W. C. Barrie, director in charge of this province, announced. The cheques were issued from the Regina head office of the director of the scheme for the prairie provinces.

The payments range from \$50 upward. In the southern section of the province, where many large grain farms are operated, the bonus payments are expected to be larger.

DUKE MAY VISIT F.D.R.

The impression prevails in Ottawa that His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent is likely to visit Washington to see President Roosevelt, before returning home.

When asked the question at a press conference, the Duke said that he "did not know." Members of his staff were non-committal in their statements. In any event, the possibility of the visit is not definitely denied. However, it seems fairly definite that the visit, if made, would be unofficial.

WAKE UP, CANADIANS!

Wake up, Canadians! We are not asked to give But LEND our idle dollars, that Democracy may live. Those dollars that are needed for our boys, who overseas Are risking, every day, their lives, that we may live in ease.

Wake up, Canadians! We all are in this fight, To crush the Nazi evil that would rule the world by might. The most that we can lend is but the least that we can do To show we've all made up minds to see this struggle through.

Wake up, Canadians, before it is too late, Before our skies, now clear and blue, are filled with wings of hate. Before our cities and our towns are bombed, as they will be.

If we don't use our dollars to send help across the sea. Wake up, Canadians! They've put it up to us, We've got to help, to stop this thing, and do it without fuss.

We've never heard the crash of bombs, and quiet nights we spend. If we would save our freedom, let us lend! and lend!! and lend!!!

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. O.D. Harrington returned last week from Oregon where she attended her father's funeral.

Miss Edith Marr left last Friday morning for Vancouver, where she has accepted a position.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Cooley and family returned last week from a trailer trip to Carstairs, Calgary and Banff.

Services have been resumed in Chinook United Church, and will be held each Sunday at 11:45 a.m.

Mrs. Geo. Anderson, with her baby daughter Geraldine, arrived Sunday morning from Victoria to spend a month's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Milligan, of Chinook.

Mrs. Geo. Wanner arrived home last week from a vacation in Calgary.

Mr. George Christoferson arrived Sunday afternoon from Olds.

The Chinook Boy Scout Troop paid a visit to Callaghan's Swimming Pool on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Madeline Otto and Miss Shirley Archescio arrived on Tuesday from Oyen.

Mrs. W. Zawasky and three daughters, Betty, Jean and Audrey spent a few days this week in Calgary.

Mr. Lorne Proudfoot was an Owen business visitor last week.

EDMONTON AREA BATTERED BY HAIL

Edmonton, July 31 Cutting a wide swath through grain fields in the district, smashing tender green plants in many city gardens, and breaking windows in some homes, a hailstorm swept out of the west last night, swung across the northern part of the city, and then veered off to the northeast.

Great damage was done to the almost-ripe crops in the district, as many fields north-east of the city had half-mile wide channels cut through them by the storm.

Several areas in the district reported damage to some grain fields amounting to 50 and 75 per cent.

Animals in pasture were badly bruised by the heavy hailstones, which, in some districts, were said to be as large as golf balls and hens' eggs.

SAVE RAGS



they're needed to WIN THIS WAR

Now is the time to clean out all the old clothes around the house. Rags can be put to a hundred uses. Wool rags are particularly valuable. Don't waste a thing. Keep turning all the scrap metals, rags, paper and bones in your house into war production material.

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

ISSUED BY DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES

EVERY SCRAP COUNTS



Storage Capacity

To meet the needs of its customers The Alberta Pacific has 23,083,000 bushels of Country Elevator Storage space and Terminal Elevators at Vancouver and the Head of the Great Lakes

THE ALBERTA PACIFIC GRAIN COMPANY, LIMITED (27)

WEEK-END SPECIALS

Field Tomatoes	per bskt.	45c
New Green Apples	4 lbs.	28c
Onions	4 lbs.	25c
Lemons	per doz.	35c
Indian Maid Salmon	per tin	18c
Mixed Peas & Carrots	per tin	15c
Broders Cut Waxed Beans	per tin	15c
Swift's Potted Meat	2 tins	25d

Nose Nets, Canvas Staples & Tacks, Forks and Fork Handles Carborandum Stones

BANNER HARDWARE AND GROCERY

I. H. C. & John Deere

IMPLEMENTS and REPAIRS

Maple Leaf FUELS, Oils & Greases

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FARM SUPPLIES COOLEY BROS.

Chinook, Alta.

Phone 10

Chinook Meat Market

Fresh & Cured Meats and Fish

Swifts and Burns well known brands of Hams and Bacons

Hides and Horsehair bought at market prices.

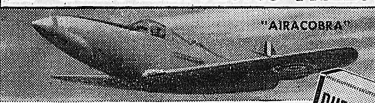
Chick Starter for Baby Chicks

Chick Scratch Feed for older Chicks.

Phone No. 4

J. C. Bayley Prop.

27 LATEST R.A.F. PHOTOS FREE!



Mail only two Durham Corn Starch labels for each picture desired—one for the Five Star label.

To start, select from the "Flying Tornado"—"My Rocket"—"Lightning"—"Defiant"—"Spitfire"—

"Hurricane" or "Catalina" ... the list of 20 other pictures will be sent with your first request. Specify your picture—please—enclose necessary label and mail to the St. Lawrence Starch Co., Limited, Port Credit, Ont.

DURHAM CORN STARCH

DAUGHTER OF DESTINY

—BY—
Eleanor Atterbury Colton

CHAPTER XVIII.

Devona had congratulated herself in the month since she'd last seen Dale Brasher, that her pride, her self-respect, her common sense had at last won out over her heart. She despised him, she had told herself dozens of times. And she really believed it. That is, until this moment. Looking again straight into those deep blue eyes, she wasn't so sure.

"Good evening, Miss Raebourne," he said and something like a mask settled over his face. "This is quite a surprise."

"Really?" Fighting trembling that spread treacherously over her in chilling tides, she slipped into the chair Macias held for her, let him light her cigarette, order a cocktail. "Did you hear Dona sing just now?" Macias purred on, beaming quietly as his dark eyes travelled from one to the other, missing nothing.

Dale nodded, his lips set grimly. "Yes, I had heard her sing before."

"Not like that, I'll bet," Macias persisted.

Dale's blue glance met hers across the little candle-lit table. "No—not like that. I knew she had a lovely voice. I didn't know she was commercializing it."

Devona shrugged. "Why not? No one is interested in singing sentimental little ballads in one drawing room after another."

"No, I suppose not. It's no doubt much more exciting to go—Dale glanced around the crowded room—enjoy the centre of a nightclub."

Winning, Devona tried not to hear the sarcasm in his voice.

"She's learned plenty since she's been with me," Macias went on complacently, obviously enjoying the little scene.

"I can believe that," Dale's smile twisted wryly.

Devona forced a careless: "It was about time, wasn't it?"

"Sure. My patrons go for her in a big way," Macias waved his cigar at the roomful of pleasure seekers. "Her with a biggest attraction now."

"Congratulations," Dale mocked her with a little bow. "It's always nice to see an ambitious girl get ahead."

"She's going ahead, all right," Macias said too quietly. "I'm seeing to that."

Dale's lifted eyebrow showed he missed none of the implications in that. "And while Vana thinks you are in San Francisco at school you'll quickly build yourself a career under her nose. Is that the plan?"

"Why not?" she said now, aware that Dale was waiting for an explanation. Aware, too, of Macias' probing black eyes upon her. "Every girl has a right to her career, don't you think?"

"I suppose so. But your mother's reputation?"

"Has nothing to do with me," she interrupted quickly, but not quickly enough to avert Macias' instant curiosity.

"What do you mean—mother's reputation?"

"She's Vana Vadne's daughter, didn't you know?" Dale said carelessly. "Don't tell me you weren't aware that your protégée—"

Macias dark eyes gleamed. "Vana Vadne's daughter! Why didn't you tell me? I could use it in advertising to you."

Devona's heart sank. "No. Please. I'm on my own. My mother would

not be interested—would prefer it kept secret, I'm sure."

"Meaning that you prefer it kept secret?" Macias smiled, reached for her hand, pressed it possessively.

"With that, Devona felt the jaws of the trap closing in around her. With every word that she said Dale, she put herself more completely into Macias' hands. But there was no choice. She couldn't—wouldn't let Dale see her real feelings. After all, she'd shown him her heart once."

Watching Macias now, Dale seemed only wryly amused at his attitude toward Devona. And Macias was making that attitude plainer with every word.

"She shall have her career," I'm saying to that. All the best people come here. Some of these days, I'm going to help her get into big time. With all the trimmings," he said confidently, still holding her hand captive in his.

Flushing, Devona toyed with the thin-stemmed cocktail glass. Career—in—trimmings—she wanted to fling the whole stupid affair into Macias' face. What did she care about a career or big time or money or fame or anything that Macias could promise her! When just one word, one glance, one little sign from Dale would have set the whole miserable world straight again.

But that was the one thing she couldn't have, she realized only too well when Dale smiled again, and said calmly.

"Okay, I'll keep your secret from Vana. This is no time to upset her, anyway. The new play opens a week from Saturday."

The play, Talbot's cherished brainchild that Vana would breathe into life with her talent. Vana—for whom life seemed always to weave a pattern of brilliant successes, of devoted loyalty. A success that would draw Dale even closer to her. And, incidentally, thrust her daughter as hostage into the unscrupulous hands of Jose Macias.

Because this meeting wasn't sheer coincidence! Devona was perfectly aware of that! It was merely Macias' way of making sure there was no last, flit tie between herself and Dale Brasher, his friend. Making sure that nothing stood in the way of his desire.

And Dale, by his very casual indifference, was helping to make that plan.

"And now if you folks will excuse me a moment, I have some details to look after," Macias said, pushed back from the table. "Why don't you two have a dance?"

Dale merely nodded. "Good idea."

A moment later they were moving toward the crowded dance floor. Once again, Devona felt his arm around her, his cheek close to her forehead. The last time he'd held her close in his arms, she remembered without wanting to, he'd whispered that he loved her, wanted never to lose her.

But if Dale were remembering any of that wonderful, awful last day together, his cool courtesy betrayed none of it.

"So you like your work here?" he asked, obviously making polite small talk.

"Very much."

"Rather long hours, aren't they?"

"I love them. It's so gay, so exciting, so—thrilling to meet charming new friends—" She couldn't go on with that awful lie.

"I see. Never a dull moment."

"Oh, never."

"And plenty of wealthy patrons to make your contacts—worthwhile?"

His lip curled ever so slightly. "I think you're going to make Vana proud of you, yet."

Vana again! Devona bit her lip. Maybe every new face was a challenge to Dale Brasher, but his loyalty to Vana seemed fairly consistent.

When the dance ended and they made their way back to the table, Macias was waiting for them.

"I'll have to skip along now, Jose," Dale told him, putting Dale's chair. "Thanks for the dance, Miss Raebourne. And let us know when you make your first million. We'll drink to your success in champagne."

"She doesn't need to make a million," Macias said placidly. "She's worth that now—to me."

Bought, paid for, labeled—Devona felt the trap close. The preliminary skirmishes were over. The battle was on. She saw it in Macias' dark eyes, heard it in his voice. He'd only been biding his time up to now. But—

—convinced that Dale had no further claim—he'd begun closing in now.

"I can see that," Dale said dryly. "Good night."

Tears pressed into the corners of her eyes and a shameless little cry for help pushed into her throat. Don't go, Dale. Please. Or take me with you, then, her heart begged silently. But her pride kept her smile in place, her head high. "Good night."

"I'll see you out, Brasher," Macias said as he pushed back from the table. "Little business matter I want to talk over with you."

"Certainly."

Then, while Dale was still within earshot: "Come to my office, Dona, when you've finished your last number. I'm driving you home tonight."

Mute, Devona nodded, wondered if the terror she felt, already shown yet in her face. "How nice. Thanks."

Dale's glance met hers for an instant before he turned, walked swiftly toward that same office. An instant of strange tension, during which scorn fought with indifference in his eyes—and the indifference won! What she did, what happened to her, was none of his concern, his manner said only too plainly. She was making her own bed—let her lie in it.

Eyes blurred with tears, she watched that dark, dark head towering over Macias' until they disappeared into the lobby. Why should she care so terribly when he cared—so little. Life was funny—life was impossible.

Then she heard Manuel's signaling chords on the piano. Time to work. She joined the striding troubadours, whisking away from her eyes, setting her smile on her lips as if it were part of her costume. Impossible or not, there wasn't much to do about life except go on living it!

When, reluctantly, they finished the last encore, she turned toward Macias's office, drew a long breath.

"Smarter, kid?" Manuel at her elbow, tucked his guitar into its case. "You look scared stiff. Anything wrong?"

She shook her head. "No—not yet!" and shrugged a little laugh at him, ready to prove to herself that she could.

"Look here," He studied her face anxiously. "If you're in a jam, just let me know. I'll get you out."

Devona smiled. Good old Manuel. He would try to help her and lose his own job in the process. Besides, no one could help now. This was once more when she had to stand alone.

"No, thanks. I'm all right. Just tired."

"Why don't you beat it, then? Get some sleep."

(To Be Continued)

Pottery From Britain

Total Value Of Shipments Last Year Was Nearly £2,000,000

A Toby Jug of Mr. Winston Churchill's resolute and cheerful face is a best seller in the United States and Canada. The makers have doubled the value of china figures sent to North America since the war.

All told, British shipped nearly £2,000,000 worth more pottery overseas last year than the year before, and was at the same time making much more industrial pottery for home use, especially chemical stoneware, to take the place of metals needed for the war.

Chemical stoneware is now being used for pipe lines, valves, tanks, and storage vessels. It compares in strength with grey cast iron, and it can even be ground to the most precise measurements. Stoneware, moreover, resists corrosion except by hydrofluoric acid. Once Germany alone was making laboratory porcelain.

To-day, Britain is supplying herself with laboratory porcelain and also with porcelain filters for water and acid filtration and for laboratory research.

Not A Bad Description

When the pipe band of a certain regiment of Scots played for the first time in Church Square, Pretoria, Transvaal, a kaffir listening to the band was asked what he thought of it.

After a few seconds' consideration he replied: "Plenty no good, boss. No beginning, no middle, no finish. All one like."

A Pleasant Habit

DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES

DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES

DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES

DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES

DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES

DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES

DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES

DAILY MAIL CIGARETTES



BURGESS BATTERIES

Women Are Serving

But Actual Fighting In Russia Being Done By Men

Soviet Russia leaves the actual fighting to men, but hundreds of women have gone to the war front, serving chiefly in the medical services. Many women who are not doctors or nurses are serving in military headquarters as interpreters, stenographers, clerks and similar positions.

But the woman's place in war has been designated formally by the Soviets as behind the lines, replacing men who have gone to the front. Reports abroad that Russian women have been fighting as troops in the ranks of the Red Army have been dismissed in Moscow as German propaganda or stemming from isolated incidents.

For instance, there was the case of the washwoman in a western border town who dropped her washing when the Germans came, grabbed a rifle and helped the local regiment fight the attack. There was another instance in which eight Karelian girls joined with troops in fighting on the Finnish front.

But the general tendency has been to discourage any Amazonian ambitions among Russian women and turn their zeal into other channels. Training courses have been provided to equip women for tasks in factories and on farms. The women's slogan has been: "Not a single machine, not a single tractor, not a single combine should remain idle."

Potato Crisps

Millions Of Packets From The World's Largest Potato Farm

Two English villages, whose names are recorded in William the Conqueror's Domesday Book, supply Britain's fighting forces with millions of packets of potato crisps.

They come from 20,000 tons of potatoes grown on the world's largest potato farm and producing about 125,000,000 packets of "crisps" a year. It is the biggest purely agricultural estate in England, covering an area 7½ miles long by 4½ miles wide of the best Lincolnshire heath and fenland. It is served by a light railway with 30 miles of track, 120 trucks and five Diesel engines, and it takes in the whole of the village of Neeton and most of Dunston.

All the potatoes from the estate, and the output of 80 other farms, are turned into "crisps" in ten factories distributed throughout Great Britain.

There are two other factories in Australia, one at Sydney and the other at Melbourne. The English and Scotch factories use 40,000 tons of potatoes a year to produce 5,000,000 packets of "crisps" a week. They supply Britain's civil population as well as Service canteens and troopships.

A special variety of potato, the Muizen, was imported from the Netherlands and this strain, now quite acclimatized to Britain, still gives the best results.

Helping Repair Business

Clothes' Rationing In Britain Has Doubled This Work

The Liverpool Post says not only shoe repairers but also dry cleaners in Liverpool are working under tremendous pressure as a result of clothes' rationing.

It said that the demand for repairs in Liverpool is working under tremendous pressure as a result of clothes' rationing.

Some of them would double their premises if they could get the facilities and plant; but of course they cannot.

One shop, typical of many, displayed the following notice one week: "The management regret that no more goods whatever can be accepted for cleaning before August."

The Easter Name

Because his customers could never remember his name, petitioner Louis Harris of Chicago, petitioned the court to change it back to the original Elias Harnampopolous. Harris is a Greek and his customers are Greeks, and Harris, in Greek, is a difficult name.

Valuable Paintings

Brought From Britain To Canada For Duration Of The War

Three distinguished "war guests" have arrived from England and will be at home to the Canadian public in the National Gallery of Canada.

They are three masterpieces which used to hang in the National Gallery in London, and they will be kept in Canada for the duration.

Earliest of the three is the well-known picture of "The Graham Children" painted by William Hogarth in 1742, and it is considered one of his finest works.

Four children are seen at various tasks. The freshness of the skin tones, the bright eyes, and the sheen on the satin in their clothes is as vivid to-day as in the period in which the picture was painted.

Something of Hogarth's mastery of touch is found in a beautiful inlaid cat over the boy's chair.

The second is John Constable's "Salt Box, Hampstead Heath," painted in 1822, which is a landscape of particular charm.

The third painting is J. M. Turner's "Burial at Sea of Sir David Wilkie," dated 1884. Sir David is remembered as the artist who executed the famous "Blind Fiddler" and "Blind Man's Buff." He died aboard ship on his way home from the Far East and was buried at sea off Gibraltar.

In Their Spare Time

First Aid Workers Make Toys For Bombed-Out Children

At a first-aid post in Fulham, West London, nurses and wardens busily at making toys when there is no more serious work to be done. They are answering an appeal on behalf of bombed-out children, now in the country, who have lost all their playthings.

The nurses were stitching away at mattresses for dolls' beds when I called at the depot. They make the pillows and covers out of bomb-damaged bed linen, they told me.

Everything that could possibly be used for the toy-making is salvaged by the workers. Scraps of paint in the bottom of throw-away tins are always considered a great find.

There seemed to me no limit to the kind of toys these clever folk could make. Slacked in the room were trains, horses and carts, dolls' beds and airplanes.

They are even having a try at "mass production" now to speed up the work. Each man specializes at making one single item—Overseas Daily Mail.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

RIGHT MOTIVES

However brilliant an action, it should not be esteemed great unless the result is a good and good motive.—Rochefoucauld.

Though a good motive cannot sanctify a bad action, a bad motive will always vitiate a good action.—William Jay.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has no good reason for letting it alone.—Walter Scott.

If the motives of human affection are right, the affections are enduring and achieving.—Mary Baker Eddy.

Let the motive be in the deed and not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward.—Kreeshna.

It is not the incense, or the offering which is acceptable to God, but the purity and devotion of the worshipper.—Seneca.

Introducing Bob White

Number Of Eastern Quail Have Been Released In Manitoba

No one familiar with the "bob-white" before coming to Western Canada need fail to welcome the news that it has arrived in Manitoba. People in that province thought their ears must be deceiving them when they heard recently the distinctive call by which the little quail, about the size of a meadowlark, proclaims its name. But it was no mistake.

Sixty of the "bob-whites" have been released there during the last six weeks by the Department of Natural Resources, which is hopeful that they will flourish. A similar experiment in parts of British Columbia proved a failure, however, some years ago.—Edmonton Journal.

No Rivers In Bermuda

Bermuda is importing drinking water from New York. The islands have no river and no wells—rainwater caught on rooftops and stored in tanks is the sole domestic source of supply, and a prolonged drought can make necessary such steps as now are being taken, says the Ottawa Journal.



HOME SERVICE

FOR A FLAWLESS WEDDING MAKE PLANS WELL AHEAD



As a bride-to-be you are a busy girl! So much to do before the day of your wedding. But all goes smoothly if you plan well in advance, are posted on good form.

Decide first whether you want a formal or informal wedding. At a very formal daytime affair you wear the traditional bridal gown and cloud-like veil, the groom wears cutaway and striped trousers—and all else is in key. An informal wedding—with you in suit and hat, the groom in business clothes—will cost less, but it can be as charming and correct.

Write to order engraved invitations two months ahead, mail them about a month before the ceremony. For a small wedding, you may invite guests by note.

Next? Plan menus. A wedding breakfast might include soup, lobster, Newburg, tomato aspic, an ice cake, coffee and punch. In the afternoon, tea or fare!

In planning flowers remember the groom usually buys the bride's bouquet—her family buys bridesmaids' bouquets and decorations.

What is the etiquette of the ceremony, the reception? Our 32-page booklet gives etiquette, correct dress, bridal party and guests at every type of wedding, hints to budget expenses.

Send 15c in coins for your copy of "Planning a Budgetary Your Wedding to Home Service Dept., Winnipeg Newspaper Union, 175 McDermott Ave. E., Winnipeg, Man.

The following booklets are also available at 15c each:

168—"Immortal Love Poems"

169—"Self-Instruction in Short-hand"

180—"Simple Cartooning Self-Taught"

116—"How to Choose and Care for Your Dog"

165—"How to Weave Useful Novelties"

172—"Effective Phrases For All Occasions."

Wanted To Enlist

Eight-Year-Old Alberta Boy Would Join Air Force

Fit-Lt. Harry E. Jones, recruiting officer for the Royal Canadian Air Force at Edmonton, reported what he considers to be a new high in loyalty and desire to serve Canada.

It was a letter from Myron Molchan, eight, of Ranfurly, Alta., 80 miles east of Edmonton. The letter printed with pencil read:

"Dear Air Force Commander

"I am eight years old. I passed Grade Three. I weigh 63 pounds. I am not very big but I am strong. And I can run fast. I can't write but I can print. Please write me right away if you can take me."

Fit-Lt. Jones said he replied telling Myron he was too young and adding "You are a young Canadian with the right outlook."

Hearing And Believing

Recently an advertisement appeared in the Portuguese press and it was headed: "Germany speaks and the world hears her." The British embassy soon replied with this: "The voice of London speaks and the world believes it."

In ancient Rome a tribunal originally was the place where officials met to discharge their official duties.

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN

HEED THIS ADVICE!!

Should women be complaining that "trying" adds to their troubles? No! Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 30 years in relieving female functional troubles. Try it!

THAT'S RIGHT! MORE cigarettes in every 10¢ package of DAILY MAIL CIGARETTE TOBACCO

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DAILY MAIL CIGARETTE TOBACCO



Dr. K. W. Neashy
Director, Agricultural Department
North-West Line Elevators Association
Using Soil Scientists

Some time ago, in this column, I suggested that the necessity of reducing wheat production provided an opportunity to encourage the adoption of soil conserving practices. This opportunity was missed largely because we allowed the bulk of our grass and clover seed to be exported.

What about 1942? Perhaps we may be able to forget all about acreage reduction; but, if not, surely an effort should be made to see that the reduction is made in the interests of better farming. In northern wooded areas, yield and quality of wheat can be increased by the use of legumes plus artificial fertilizers. Grass could be used in the rotation with advantage to the wheat grower in many parts of the plains.

These problems differ greatly from one soil zone to another. In outlining an agricultural policy for 1942, all available technical information should be used. These ideas were embodied in a resolution introduced to the regional meeting of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists at Brandon, by the Agricultural Director of The North-West Line Elevators Association, and seconded by the President of the Manitoba Wheat Pool. It is certain that soil scientists, agronomists (a polite name for field husbandmen) and economists could offer much helpful advice, and so, also could many farmers. The resolution called for the appointment of a committee of such persons with special training, and this can surely be endorsed by all of us.

Farmers who have not previously sown grass or clover seed should consult the nearest experimental farm or district agriculturist.

We can grow more wheat, and better wheat on fewer acres, if we follow the examples of our best farmers.

RESTAURANT

Meals at all hours
FRESH OYSTERS
All Kinds Tobacco
and Cigarettes
SOFT DRINKS and
Confectionary
ICE CREAM
Mah Bros

For
DRAYING
Or
TRUCKING
Any Kind
Satisfaction
Guaranteed
**ROBINSON
CARTAGE**



CHURCH UNITED CHURCH

Church Service 11:45 p. m.
Sunday School 10:30 a.m.
All are cordially invited to attend

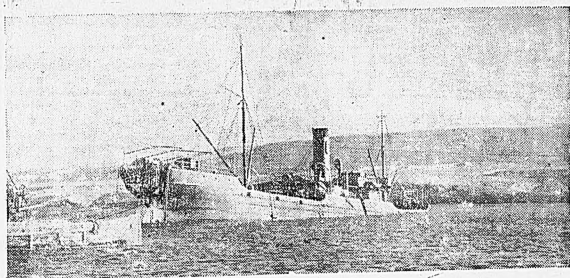
Chinook Hotel

A Home Away From Home

Try Our Meals
GOOD ROOMS

W.H. Barros Prop.

SACRIFICE AT DERNA



Fleeing before the advancing British Forces, the Italians have left a trail of war materials, deliberately destroying it wherever they had time. In this picture is seen an Italian Transport, hurriedly scuttled in the harbour at Derna as the British closed in upon the town.

SIGN THE PLEDGE TO



Let Your Car Wear Proudly This Patriotic Sticker!

Go to your friendly neighbourhood service station or your local garageman today. A surprise awaits you. He has changed. He will be as courteous and thoughtful as ever—glad to see you—eager to do anything and everything he can to help you. But he is no longer a gasoline salesman. He is a gasoline SAVER. He will urge you to buy less instead of more. He will point out ways and means of saving gasoline.

He will tell you all about the "50/50" Pledge to cut your gas consumption by fifty per cent. He will invite you to sign. This proud and patriotic sticker for your car will mark you as a member of the wise and thoughtful band of car owners co-operating with the Government to save gasoline.

This is entirely a voluntary movement. It is not rationing. This the Government hopes to avert. But we are faced with a critical shortage of gasoline due to the diversion of tankers for overseas service and to the growing needs of our Fighting Forces.

There is no call for panic—no need for alarm—but this war is being fought with gasoline and we are fighting for our very lives. Sign the Pledge today and continue to save fifty per cent of your gasoline consumption.

It is also vitally important that you reduce the use of domestic and commercial fuel oil.

REMEMBER: The slower you drive, the more you save!

The Government of the
DOMINION OF CANADA

Acting through
THE HONOURABLE C. D. HOWE, Minister of Munitions and Supply
G. R. COTTRELL, Oil Controller for Canada

17 easy ways towards a 50% GASOLINE SAVING

(Approved by Automobile Experts)

Reduce driving speed from 60 to 40 on the open road.

Avoid jack-rabbit starts.

Avoid needless or non-essential driving.

Turn motor off when not in use; do not leave idling.

Don't race your engine; let it warm up slowly.

Don't strain your engine; change gears.

Keep carburetor cleaned and properly adjusted.

Tune up motor, timing, etc.

Keep spark plugs and valves clean.

Check cooling system; overheating wastes gasoline.

Maintain tires at right pressure.

Lubricate efficiently; worn engines waste gasoline.

Drive in groups to and from work, using cars alternate days.

For golf, picnics and other outings, use one car instead of four.

Take those short shopping trips ON FOOT and carry parcels home.

Walk to and from the movies.

Boat owners, too, can help by reducing speed.

Your regular service station men will gladly explain these and other ways of saving gasoline. Consult him.

GO 50/50 WITH OUR FIGHTING FORCES



Save and Share Your Gasoline for VICTORY

DOMESTIC WHEAT TAX REMOVED

Trade minister McKinnon announced that the wheat processing tax of 15 cents per bushel has been removed, and will not be in operation in the current crop year.

Mr. McKinnon said that lapsing of the processing tax would avoid a threatened increase in the price of bread in Canada.

The tax has been in effect for one year and was established with the purpose in mind of assisting the financing government wheat programs. In the past crop year, revenue from the tax was placed at more than five million dollars. Mr. McKinnon said.

The tax was said to have borne very heavily on bakers, whose costs have been very greatly increased because of the war.

"An early increase in the price of Canadian bread was indicated, and the lapsing of the processing tax should prevent such a rise taking place," the Trade Minister said.

Some farm organizations advocated that the processing tax should be increased in the present crop year, but Mr. McKinnon said, in a statement on wheat policy to the House of Commons early this year, that absolutely no change in the amount of incidence of the processing levy was planned at the time.

Government officials said last week that some protests were received from farmers, as the levy was made on their own wheat processing. An exemption from the processing tax on the farmers' own grain was granted in some non-exporting eastern provinces, but elsewhere the farmers paid the full legal tax on processed grain.

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